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suffering;" they all connect pain with sin, death with evil. pleasure with goodness, life with joy. In much that they teach the confusion of sensation and thought is evident; pain and death, as has been shown, cannot have come into the world by sin, for the latter can exist in the intellect alone, while the former is common to all organic existence. But that in which the better religions are right, is that in preservation in continuous life, in obedience to law, lies man's true happiness; that through the destruction of those who disobey, consciously or unconsciously, the race is purified; and that sin, wrongfulness, conscious evil-doing has a punishment as certain, as eternal, as irrevocable as Calvin ever taught. The easy doctrine that "bad is good in the making," or that "an error is a truth half seen," finds not a vestige of support before the merciless laws which take no steps backward, hear no prayers, and admit of no moment of truce. The ground maxim of all morals lies in pleasure and pain, and is embraced in this sentence from Schopenhauer: "No error is harmless; every one will sooner or later do him who harbors it a hurt."

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*Michael Angelo's Poem on the Death of his Father and Brother.*

While during the four centuries which have elapsed since his birth, ample justice has been done to the magnificent creative genius and commanding intellect of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, yet few have recognized the high moral worth, and still less the warmth of heart and tenderness of feeling which rounded out the perfection of his nature, and which are essential to the ideal of an artist's life. The strength of his character, his proud and often passionate speech, and his stern moral purpose in strong contrast to the laxity and corruption of his time, often placed him in conflict with the interests and prejudices of his contemporaries, and his superiority could not but excite envy and jealousy among his rivals. A few anecdotes have preserved the memory of these unworthy passages, and have cast into the shade the genial and loving traits of character of which there is ample evidence. The late researches of his biographers have brought out his letters to his family, and his poems as he originally wrote them, and thus revealed to us the sacredness and strength of his affections.

The poem of which we offer a translation, is the most striking proof of these feelings, and it reveals the inner life of the man as fully as the great productions of his chisel do the power of his imagination.

The poems were collected and published by his nephew and namesake after his death, and in his great tenderness for the reputation of the master, he thought it his place to polish and improve them according to the effeminate taste of the time. He completed what was unfinished, he changed the rough, terse expressions which came warm from Michael Angelo's heart, into soft, pleasing phrases, and inserted whole lines of his own. He did this with such perfect confidence in his own intentions, that we must be thankful that he left so much of the original as has endeared the poems to us even in their mangled shape. In fact, the power of Michael Angelo's thought revealed itself through all this disguise. The poem we have given suffered more than any one from this smoothing process—scarcely a line remained unchanged, and the original was almost wholly a surprise and delight when first revealed to us.

Yet even in its travesty Grimm recognized its great autobiographical value, and has given a very free German version of it in his life of Michael Angelo. The poem was left unfinished. The thought rises to its climax and abruptly breaks off. Can the human mind grasp that idea of infinite, eternal progress?

In 1863 Signor Cesare Guasti, who had access to the original documents, published a fine edition of all the poems, precisely as they were originally written, with the various readings of different manuscripts. To these he added a reprint of the old form of the poem according to his nephew, and also a prose version of each poem, which should assist the modern reader to an understanding of the ancient text.

An interesting preparatory discourse and a few historical statements give all the help necessary to the Italian scholar, for the study of these interesting poems.

To make one of them, and that one of the greatest biographical value, accessible to the American lover of Michael Angelo, is the object of the present version. Our aim has been to give us close a copy of the original, both in thought and form, as we possibly could. We need not speak of the difficulty of the task to any one who has ever attempted the like. If it serve no one else, the translator has had ample reward for the labor in the intimate familiarity thus gained with the great artist's thought on this greatest of earthly mysteries. The poem is true to the deepest feelings of human nature, and every chord is sounded with such depth and sweetness as gives strength and peace even in its revelation of suffering.

Michael Angelo's family affections were very strong. His father was a warm-hearted and warm-tempered man, and through the ill offices of others there had sometimes been dissension between the father and son. But the son always held his father's interests first in his

thought, and supported and guarded him through his long old age. The father died about 1534 or 1536 at the age of ninety years.

The brother, to whom the poem also refers, is called Buonarotti. He died on the 2d of July, 1828, in the arms of his great brother. His disease was of a contagious character, probably the plague, so that it seems almost a miracle that Michael Angelo's life was not sacrificed.

He was the only one of the brothers who left children. His son, Leonardo, was the artist's executor and heir, and his son, Michael Angelo, was the nephew, who with more zeal than taste, devoted himself to the publication of his great uncle's poems.

### TRIPLETS

On the death of his father, Lodovico Buonarotti, which followed soon on that of his brother, 1534 or 1536. By Michael Angelo.

#### 1.

Deep grief such wo unto my heart did give,  
I thought it wept the bitter pain away  
And tears and moans would let my spirit live.

#### 2.

But fate renews the fount of grief to-day,  
And feeds each hidden root and secret vein  
By death that doth still harder burden lay.

#### 3.

I of thy parting speak, and yet again  
For him, of thee who later left me here,  
My tongue and pen shall speak the separate pain.

#### 4.

He was my brother, thou our father dear;  
Love clung to him and duty bound to thee,  
Nor can I tell which loss I hold most near.

#### 5.

Painted like life my brother stands to me;  
Thou art a sculptured image in my heart.  
And most for thee, my cheek is tinged with piety.

#### 6.

Thus am I soothed; death early claimed the part  
My brother owed, but in full ripeness thou.  
He grieves us less who doth in age depart.

#### 7.

Less hard and sharp it is to death to bow  
As growing age longs for its needful sleep,  
Where true life is, safe from the senses now.

#### 8.

Ah! who is he who sadly would not weep  
To see the father dead he held so dear,  
He ever, living still, in frequent sight did keep?

9.

Our griefs and woes to each alone are clear,  
As more or less he feels their fatal power ;  
Thou knowest Lord to me the loss how near.

10.

Though reason holds my soul some calmer hour,  
'Tis by such hard constraint I bind my grief  
The lifted clouds again more darkly lower.

11.

And but this thought can give my heart relief  
That he died well and resting smiles in Heaven  
On death that brought in life a fear so brief.

12.

For deeper grief would grow and crush me even  
Did not firm faith convince my inmost mind,  
Living well here, he rests himself in Heaven.

13.

So closely doth the flesh the spirit bind  
That death the weary heart can most oppress  
When erring sense forbids the truth to find.

14.

Full ninety times in Ocean's deep recess  
Of cooling shade, the sun its torch had laid  
Ere peace Divine thy weary heart did bless.

15.

Oh ! pity me who now art left here dead.  
Oh ! thou through whom Heaven willed me to be born,  
Since Heaven at last thy suffering life has stayed.

16.

Divine thou art, Death of Death's power is shorn,  
Nor fearest thou life's changes ever more ;  
I write almost with envy here forlorn.

17.

Fortune and Time which bring us grief so sure  
With joy uncertain, claim no more their right,  
Their fickle changes enter not your door.

18.

There is no cloud to dim your shining light,  
No chance nor need to bind your onward way,  
No time to urge you with its rapid flight.

19.

Your splendor grows not dim by night nor day,  
Though dark the one, the other heavenly clear,  
Nor when the sun sends down its warmer ray.

20.

By thine own death, Oh ! Father ever dear,  
I learn to die, and see thee in my thought,  
Where the world rarely lets us linger near.

21.

Think not, like some, Death only evil wrought  
To one whom Grace to God's own seat has led  
And from the last day to the first has brought.

22.

Where, thanks to God, thou art, my soul has said,  
And hopes to meet thee if my own cold heart  
By reason rises from its earthly bed.

23.

And if 'twixt son and father, Love's best art  
Grows yet in Heaven, as every virtue grows—

BOSTON, June 18, 1876.

EDNAH D. CHENEY.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*La Filosofia della Scuole Italiane, Rivista Bimestrale contenente gli atti della Società promotrice degli studj filosofici e literarij.* Roma, 1874-75.

*Vol. XI., Part 1.—Contents—*(1). To the Reader. (2). Theory of Perception, letter to Count Terenzio Mamiani, by F. Bonatelli. (3). A Brief Review of the preceding letter, by T. Mamiani. (4). The Principal Form in which the Problem of Human Freedom is Presented in the Historical Development of Philosophy; Chap. 1, the Problem of Moral Freedom in the Greek Philosophy, by G. Barzellotti. (5). Philosophy of Religion; second letter to Count Terenzio Mamiani, by A. Tagliaferri. (6). The Religious Belief of the Positivists, by T. Mamiani. (7). Importance of Psychology in Modern Philosophy, by L. Ferri. (8). Italian Philosophy Applied; III. Also The Doctrine of Free Will. To Prof. Luigi Ferri, by T. Mamiani. (9). The Religious Question in Geneva—correspondence by G. B. Gandolfi. (10). Bibliography. Principles of Psychology by Herbert Spencer, by T. Mamiani. (11). Benedict Spinoza and the Modern Philosophy of S. Turbiglio, by A. Valdarnini. (12). Notices. (13). Recent Publications. *Part 2.—Contents—*(1). Relation Between the Spiritual Sentiment and Thinking, especially in Music, by C. Cantoni. (2). New Fancies of Justus the Cooper, &c. *Third dialogue*, by T. Mamiani. (3). Conceptions of the Civil World in General, by F. Bertinaria. (4). Philosophy of Religion. The Religious Belief of the Positivists, by T. Mamiani. (5). The Measure of the Sensations, by S. Turbiglio. (6). Upon the Method Adopted in the Journal, "*The Philosophy of the Italian School*," by T. Mamiani. (7). Notices. (8). Recent Publications. *Part 3.—Contents—*(1). The Conscience; Psychological and Historical Study, by L. Ferri. (2). Explanation of Alexander Manzoni's Treatment of the Question of the Idea, in his Dialogue upon Invention, by G. M. Bertini. (3). The Philosophy of the Unconscious, by Edward von Hartmann, by F. Bonatelli. (4). Concept of the Civil World in General, by F. Bertinaria. (5). Method Adopted in the Journal, "*The Philosophy of the Italian School*," by T. Mamiani. (6). Bibliography. Recent Publications. M. J. H.